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# Lunar Tan at the Beltane Fires

by Leigh Steele

In the springtime, old toes molt  
And the red blood of Pistachios colour  
My bedfellow's palms and fingertips  
Wart on my heel  
From waltzing on toads  
I've sold my soul  
I know not to who  
Strange as it seems  
Strangers seem stranger to me  
Skin is milked and moons are blue  
Moonlighting in the sun isn't good for you